

May-Day Ramble.

JAMES. There! now we are all ready: forward march!

LUCY. Where are you going to, James? that is not the way to up-farm grove; you know it is n't!

JAMES. Well, then, right about face! I will be captain, anyhow.

THOMAS. Yes, and we'll play we are going to defend the lady-flowers from the ugly weeds and thistles, won't we?

LUCY. Yes, I'll warrant you'll be very brave at defending lady-flowers from ugly thistles, especially as it is not yet time for such things. I wish you had been as brave last night, when we met that ugly cow, as we were coming from school.

MARY. Well, never mind the thistles and cows, but let us be hurrying on, so as to get home early, for you know sister Charlotte is going down to Uncle Wilson's to-night, and we have promised to bring her a bouquet of some of the prettiest wild-flowers we can find.

HATTY. Yes, and I'm to select the violets, am I not, Mary?

MARY. Certainly, Hatty, you may select the violets; but you must be very particular, you know, for we want to make the bouquet *very* pretty.

CHARLES. And what flowers shall *I* find, Mary? I hope you will say roses, they are so fine, and I do love sister Charlotte dearly.

MARY. Ah! Charley, it is too early for roses; but we will see when we get there. I think there will be enough for us all.

And thus they went on, hity-tity, up the road, and the lane, and the side-hill pasture.

It was May-day, and they were enjoying it as happily as a bright morning and pleasant anticipations would enable them to. They were on their way to up-farm grove, as it was called, in quest of wild-flowers and sport.

It was near the middle of the forenoon ere they reached the grove, and glad they were to sit down, and rest a while, when they got there; not only because they were somewhat out of breath, by reason of the up-hill jaunt they had had, but also because that, from the spot where they were, a most enchanting prospect was spread out before them, made up of hills, valleys, broad meadows separated now and then by the windings of a bright, smooth river, with a range of mountains, distant and blue, just lifting their faint outlines above the farthest horizon, and a score of other characteristics usually mingled together in extensive landscape views.

LUCY. O what a beautiful sight it is. If we could only draw, as uncle Samuel can, what a beautiful picture we could make.

HATTY. And then we would have it to hang up in our play-room, would n't we, Lucy. How nice it would be. I wish James could make pictures.

JAMES. Well, I guess I shall learn to draw, Hatty, and when I do I will make you a real pretty picture.

THOMAS. O dear! you couldn't learn to draw; you are not rich enough; uncle Samuel had to go away off to New York, to learn; and he spent a great deal of money.

HATTY. Yes James could learn to draw, I know he could; could n't you, James?

ALL AT ONCE. O! see! see! there goes a little squirrel, on the fence there; let's run and catch him. See! there! he is

going up that tree! Run, James, and stop him! Here, Lucy, you stand here! Now then, stop him, James! O, here he comes! There! he's gone! Dear me! How sorry I am.

MARY. Well, never mind, we will go now and see what we can find.

And here they commenced their stroll into the grove, some running this way and some scampering that; the earnest and gleeful tones of their voices mingling with the music of the birds which thronged the trees above them. And most pleasant it was to see them darting about, hither and thither; now, glancing suddenly in the rays which fell on them through the overspreading branches; and now, almost losing themselves amid the intervening shadows; before this tree and behind that; giving wings to their enjoyment, now in tones of curious surprise, and now in cheerful bursts of merriment; their voices, in the mean time, ringing in broken and rambling echoes through the wooded maze which surrounded them. Of wild-flowers there was certainly no lack. Mary had soon her hands full of this kind; Hatty her apron half full of that kind; and Thomas his hat full of all kinds. And, ever and anon as they entered deeper and deeper into the wood, and came across a more abundant, or more inviting spot of posies, down would go all, or half which had previously been gathered, to make room for a more favored collection which soon took their places; these in their turn, perhaps, to give way to more favored ones still. Indeed, there was no end to their gyrations and hootations; and pickings and leavings, &c. &c. &c.: and so you would have thought, had you been there.



A—MAYING.

LUCY. O look! away up on the high bank, by that old tree! what nice flowers there are! How I wish I could get up to them. James, you will get some for me, won't you? they will be so nice for the bouquet.

THOMAS. I will get them for you, Lucy, if I can get up to where they are.

LUCY. Do, Thomas, and then, when I give them to sister Charlotte, I will tell her how you got up to such a high place for them, and all for her.

THOMAS. No, not *all* for her, but partly for you, dear sis. So here goes.

MARY. Ah! Thomas, you will find it rather a difficult matter; I fear you will have to give it up.

THOMAS. No *sir*! I will get them if I have to tear my clothes half off, for Lucy will mend them up for me, won't you, Lucy?

LUCY. Yes I will!

JAMES. Wait a bit, Tommy, and I will tell you how we can fix it. Here, you get on my shoulders, and then you can reach them.

THOMAS. Well, some of you hold my hat. There! now I can reach them. Hurrah! here are the posies! and here! and here! Won't we have a grand time though.

LUCY. O what a nice bouquet we *shall* have, now; and how glad sister Charlotte will be.

HATTY. Yes, and she will be proud too, won't she? I should.

LUCY. O no, you should n't be proud, Hatty, because you know that is wrong.

HATTY. But I am proud, though, a great many times; and I can't help it, either.

MARY. There, Thomas, I think we have got quite a plenty of flowers now; so

you may come down, and we will start on toward home.

And Thomas was about getting down when their ears were saluted by voices a little way off, in the grove, heralding the approach of new comers.

THOMAS. O! there comes Ahab and Susan Jones.

Here Ahab began hallooing, at the top of his voice, that he had found a bird's nest; and that he was so glad James and Thomas were there, for they could help him get it, and then they could have the pretty eggs.

MARY. Why Ahab! I should think you would be ashamed to rob the nests of poor innocent birds. James will not help to rob birds' nests, you may be sure:

THOMAS. No, nor I:

LUCY. Indeed we will not.

HATTY. O! don't rob the pretty birds, will you, Ahab!

AHAB. Well, for my part I can see no great harm in just getting a few birds' eggs, when the birds can lay a plenty more.

ALL. Why Ahab?

But the eggs Ahab was determined to have, and he exerted all the eloquence of a naughty tongue to prevail on the party to assist him in getting them. All he wanted was that some one should just boost him up to the first limb, he said, and then he was sure he could get to the nest, though it was in the highest branches of a tall tree. As it was nearly in their way home, Mary and the others followed Ahab to the tree, with no inclination, however, of helping them; but, strange to say, when they came in sight of the nest, James, after whispering to Mary, consented to help Ahab up, which

he proceeded to do, Hatty in the mean time almost crying, in sorrow, that her brother should be so cruel. Well, by dint of very hard tugging, Ahab at last managed to get into the lower branches of the tree, though not without making some sad rents in his holiday pants. He then got on very well until he had ascended to about the middle of the tree, where he found himself in almost as bad a predicament as when on the ground, for the next limbs were beyond his reach; but as perseverance will conquer, too often in a wicked cause, he at last (after a few extra rents, which vexed him exceedingly) got over that difficulty, too, and finally reached the nest, when, lo! to his great disappointment and chagrin, it was an empty old nest of the last year. You may be sure there was a shout, loud enough to give Ahab the blues for a week to come, from the throats of the little multitude underneath; for none, unless it was poor Susan, pitied him in the least. As perhaps you may have guessed, Mary and James were quite prepared for the joke, (but had kept it all to themselves) for they saw at once, on their first arri-

val, that it was an old nest. Ahab was glad enough to get down and hurry away with himself, as fast as his legs could carry him.

They now turned their happy faces homeward, joyful in their confidence that when they got to sister Charlotte, they would make glad her heart, with one of the "prettiest bouquets that *ever* was," as little Hatty expressed herself.

MARY. Let us go and see where Eddy lies, and leave some of our beautiful flowers on his grave, for he was a dear brother.

LUCY. O yes! let us; we all loved him, he was so good.

And so they went around by the meeting-house, behind which Eddy was buried, and scattered some of their choicest gatherings over his grave; and then, still happy, yet, with their happiness and conversation softened in a measure by their remembrance of Eddy, they wended their way homeward, where their satisfaction was heightened still more by the approving smiles and commendations of "sister Charlotte," who was as pleased as they could have wished with the beautiful bouquet she was presented with. And thus ended their May-day Ramble.



Early Habits of Observation--The Young Ornithologist.

I NEVER was a "bird nester," in the common acceptation of the term, and my father allowed of no such amusements; but I was very fond of studying the habits of birds, insects, &c. One time I knew a place which, for many years, had been almost annually chosen as the habitation of a pair of tomtits: whether the same couple had been the constant occupants, I must leave others to guess. The spot chosen was a hole in a wall, opening into a dark chamber, and into this opening I could peep, without being observed by the little architects.

These favorable circumstances not being of everyday occurrence, I resolved to avail myself of them, should the place again be selected as a habitation. As a preliminary step, I placed a small, square box in the hole, with a view not only to my own accommodation, but that of the birds also, for the hole came through the wall, and against it, but not quite close, was placed a shutter: and, before I gave them the box, many and many a bit of green moss did "Tom" and "Peggy" bring for their nest, which fell down, one after the other, between the shutter and the wall. Indeed, I have seen more than a hat-crown full of moss disposed of in this way, before the bird had been able to commence the formation of the nest.

A pair of birds soon took possession of the box, and, pleased that my scheme was likely to succeed, delight took possession of me; and many and with short times between were the visits that I paid to my little *protéges*. Very soon the nest was almost finished, and I waited impatiently for the appearance of the first egg. Day

after day I inspected the box, but no egg did I find; I began to think that either a lad or a mouse must be the manufacturer, for there was very little appearance of "architecture;" the brown moss seemed to be just laid in the box. I therefore examined the nest, and I found, carefully hidden, with apparent carelessness, three beautiful eggs. The nest was thus covered after the deposit of each egg, (I believe one was laid every morning,) till the number was completed, when the birds began to sit, and of course the eggs were not afterward covered. Fourteen days (I believe fourteen,) brought to light a fine family of little ones. We three, that is, the father, mother and myself, were all very happy with our fine prospect; but in a few days one of the old ones—I suppose the mother—was brought lifeless to the ground, by a stone from the hand of a wicked, mischievous lad. The young ones died in a few hours; indeed I am not aware that the widowed bird ever visited the nest after he lost his mate. Thus ended the first trial.

In the following spring another nest was built, eggs were laid, and the birds began to sit. In order to ascertain whether birds sit so "hard" as is represented, I repeatedly disturbed the hen while on the nest, and several times, with a small stick, actually turned her "topsy-turvy;" but never frightened her from the nest. In due time I had a brood of tomtits. When they were first hatched, the hen sat upon the young ones several hours during the day. This time was gradually shortened, till they were sufficiently fledged not to require such a protection from the air.

So far as I ascertained, they were fed entirely with small grubs and caterpillars: many of these were brought from some apple-trees growing near; but I never observed a single bud of any kind, and I was induced to believe that these birds are at this time of the year very useful in freeing the blossoms of fruit-trees, from these noxious little occupants.

The young birds grew very fast; but, when nearly fledged, the nest was discovered by some idle lads, who took them from their "clean, warm, soft nest, and from the parent birds," and one by one, deliberately pelted them to death. Such was the untoward result of my second attempt to rear a brood of tomtits.

My next step was to hang up a small box, with a hole just large enough to admit a small bird, against the wall of an outbuilding, in hopes that some confiding tomtit would adopt it as a habitation. The first summer "Tom" did not come, at least he did not build. The second summer I was one day walking past, when I heard a noise as if some bird was confined in the box, and beating the sides with its wings. I found it was "Tommy" building his nest: the noise, which I often heard afterward, was made by the bird, as I suppose, adjusting the moss. The nest was completed, the eggs were laid, and so "hard" did the old bird sit, that I several times carried the box into the house, a distance of forty or fifty yards; yet she never attempted to escape. It is true I closed the opening, but she made no effort to stir from the nest. The result of this last trial was just what I wished; the young birds "flew," to the great discomfort of the old gardener, who thought I must be out of my senses, to

train up a brood of such mischievous little creatures. For my part, I am satisfied of their utility; for the benefit derived from their labor, in freeing the blossoms of fruit-trees from noxious insects, quite outbalances the little liberties which they doubtless do sometimes take with the buds of trees, more especially gooseberry-trees. Early in the spring, when the weather is severe, they do visit these trees; and, whether they are seeking buds, or insects in the buds, the effect is the same, the buds are destroyed. — *Selected.*



Early Remembrances.

BY MRS. J. M. S.

Now, dear children, if you will just draw your chairs around the table, and give me your attention, I will relate a few incidents to you, that transpired when I was like you, a child. Years have passed away since then, but I often look back to the days of innocent childhood, with feelings which I cannot describe: but if you live, children, you will well understand what they are. In the first place, I will give you a slight description of my native village. If you will just take your maps and look in the north-eastern part of the state of New York, you

will see the names of Watertown and Ogdensburgh. And situated about half way between these two places, is the delightful village of Gouverneur. I don't think you will find the name on your map, but I am quite sure, if geography-makers were as fond of that place as I am, they would put it down on all their maps, and describe it in all their books. The first thing that could be seen upon entering the village from the east, was the belfry of the academy, which was a large stone building. It was nicely finished, and always well filled with students from all parts of the state. The ringing of the bell every half hour for recitation, and the many scholars running to and from school, added a good deal to the otherwise quietude of the village, and made it appear lively; I presume however, some of my little city friends would have thought it very dull, and quite monotonous; but I always thought it was the loveliest spot on the earth. Below the academy, standing on the green, was the old brick school-house; and a little further down, the church with its tall spire. On one side of the most public street, (as there were but two or three different ones in the whole village,) stood two stores and the hotel or tavern; on the other side was the post-office, and a little way down was the mill; the buzz of whose wheels I often fancy even now I can hear. Of the beautiful river I have not yet spoken, and I am half astonished at myself to think I have left it until nearly the last thing to mention. The name of this lovely river was "Oswegatchie." Now, children, that is rather a hard word to speak, but it is, I suppose, an Indian name, for a great many years ago, before you or I can remember, Indians inhabited that



very place. The river was not very wide, but many miles long and very crooked, and such beautiful trees and flowers as grew on either side, I have never seen since. There was a rough-made bridge over it, and speaking of it, reminds me of the many times I have run across it with half a dozen children of my own age, in search of nuts, winter-greens and flowers. There is a story connected with this river which I am going to tell you, and if I am not careful, I shall take up too much time with my preliminaries. There is one place more I must mention, which seems dearer to my heart than any other. It was my own dear home. "Our house" stood on a gentle eminence, and was such an one as novel-writers would call a white cottage. Just back of it was a beautiful grove of forest trees, and in front was a large garden filled with a great variety of shrubs and flowers; indeed, the house was nearly hidden from the road by the shrubbery. Over the front door was a trellis-work porch, completely covered with the sweet-scented honeysuckle and woodbine. Oh, how often when a child, I have sat on that very porch, in a calm, moonlight evening, by my father's side, and listened while he played his sweet flute, which made the whole village re-echo the melody. There are also some sad, sad memories connected with that dear home. But a little way from "our house," and by walking down

to the gate, I could see the white tombstones that marked the spot where a dear old grandmother, and a sweet young brother slept. When recollection wanders to that dear retreat, my heart throbs with emotion, and memory seems painful.

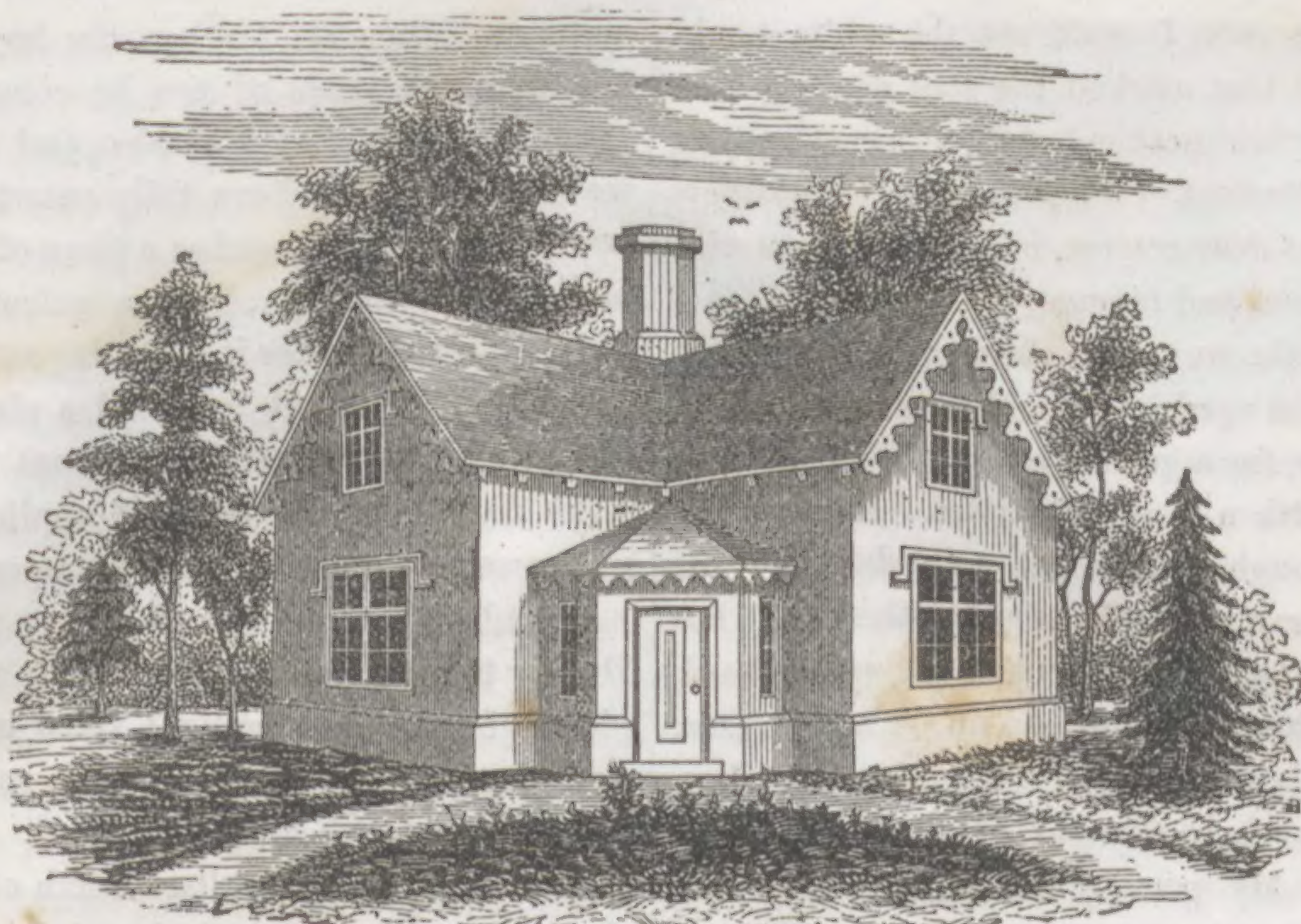
By the way, dear children, if any of you have an aged grandmother, always be kind to her, for a grandmother's dying blessing is worth a world of rubies. I remember as though it was but yesterday, the last time my poor old grandmother laid her death-palsied hands upon my young head, and charged me to be kind to my parents, and always to speak the truth. Oh! how often I have thought of that parting advice. My poor grandmother's dust has long slept in the ground, but she still lives in heaven, and I hope at last to meet her there. But, children, I have been so long with my remarks, that I cannot tell my story until the next number; however, dear young friends, wait patiently, and you shall hear the remainder.

The Berry Boy.

ONE day last autumn, a hardy, tough-looking Yankee boy came into the city with a quantity of berries for sale, and while one of our merchants was paying him for a few quarts of berries, he learned from him several interesting facts in his history, which we think worthy of being recorded to the honor of the boy's perseverance, and for the encouragement of others, both men and boys, in the battle of life. The boy is only a little over twelve years of age. His father died when he was young, leaving a poor widow with three children, this boy

and two little girls. When the boy was less than ten years of age, he conceived the idea, a truly American idea, and which we wish every American fully entertained and appreciated, of owning a piece of land, and he set himself about a calculation how he should pay for it. Having satisfied himself of the result, he found a piece of land which would suit him about three miles from the city, and his application was received, and he entered upon the land and set himself to work to pay for it. During the berry season, he and his sisters picked berries and brought them in and sold them, paying over such little sums as he could part with toward the land. That season he sold forty dollars worth of berries, and on the day mentioned, he owed but nineteen dollars for his land.

This little fellow is not only a heroic worker, but an efficient teacher by example. How many men with greater strength and greater ability to accumulate, have lived through the three past years without accomplishing as much as this boy. How many young men waste in useless indulgences and extravagances, enough in three years to pay for a lot of land for a homestead, in which they could plant trees and flowers, and make attractive with its varied beauty, and on which, after a few years of prudent saving, they could erect a neat dwelling for a home? We like the teachings of this boy's example, and if there is one thought of wordly wisdom above others, which we would plant in the mind of every American, it is this—secure the title of a piece of land and make it a home, and make that home beautiful and attractive in all its externals and its internals, make it the nearest possible, a representation of heaven.—*Selected.*



[White Cottage.]

Family Chats.

JUST fancy yourself, my young friend, taking a trip, with cousin Kate, to a pleasant New England village.

Shall we stop at this pretty, white cottage, so snugly hid among the trees? It is a cold, winter night, and as we enter the parlor you will be very apt to make directly for the cheerful fire that is blazing away in the open grate; but wait a moment, little impatient, while I introduce you to this pleasant circle.

That old lady, in the corner, (knitting away so steadily that puss, there, has to purr fast, to keep up with the hum of her needles,) is the grandmother of the family.

Mr. Cummings, the father of the family, sits in the other corner, gazing into the fire with such an easy, contented look, that I dare say he is thinking of nothing at all, or nothing in particular.

That pleasant looking lady, by the work-stand, is Mrs. Cummings. I should not

wonder if she was making that warm frock for the roguish little girl who has just drawn up her stool to commence a frolic with Madam Jesse, the puss.

Charles and Mary have recited their school lessons for the next day, and Charles, having reached the discreet age of twelve years, feels himself vastly too old for childrens' sports; so he sits looking very scornfully at his little sister, as much as to say, Pooh! what fun can there be in teasing a cat?

Mary's thoughtful face is turned upon the fire. I wonder what she is thinking about. Listen!

"Father, do you think there are many poor people who haven't got any fire to-night?"

"Well," exclaims little Jane, dropping kitty's paw, "they must be foolish to go cold, when there is so much wood in the world. I guess you'd think so, Mary, if

you had gone to Maine to see Aunt Rachel, as mother and I did, last summer. Why, we rode miles and miles straight through the woods, and the trees were so thick that they made the wood almost dark. Was n't it so, mother?"

"Yes, daughter, and you remember Uncle John said they had a great deal larger forests than you saw. He said the men would take their axes, and enough to eat for several weeks, and go deep into the woods, far away from home. There they would build little huts, and stay all winter, chopping wood for market."

"Oh, yes, mother, I remember all about it. I guess if Mary had heard that, she wouldn't have thought any body need freeze to death." And little Jane looked up, very complacently at her older sister.

"Jane," said Mr. Cummings, "can you tell how many people there are in the United States?"

"No sir; the teacher said our classes were so small we need not learn the population."

"I know the *population*," said Charles, with a marked accent upon the last word; "there are about twenty-four millions."

"Now, Jane," said the father, "it would take you about nine months to count twenty-four millions, if you should count one every second without stopping a moment to take breath. Don't you think those men in Maine would have to chop a good while, to give us a stick apiece, all round?"

Jane looked quite crest-fallen; but in a moment, clapping her hands, she exclaimed, "I know how it is. There are woods in a great many places besides Maine, and I heard Mr. Harris tell the big

class in geography about ever so many logs in a river; a — a — what did he call it, Charles?"

"Yes," said Charles, straightening himself up, as if he was thinking, "now, I'll show father how well I remember my lessons." "It was the raft of Atchafalaya in the former bed of the Red River. About twenty years ago it was ten miles long, and two hundred twenty yards wide. It had great trees sixty feet high growing on it, when it was cut away."

"Very well, my son; that would be quite an addition to your stock of firewood, Jane. But then, there are all the shops, and factories, and steam-engines, all over the country, to be supplied."

"And the meeting-houses, too," cried Jane, quite forgetting her side of the question. They all laughed, but the little girl was sure a great deal would be wanted for the churches.

"Ah, Jane," said the grandmother; "if you had lived when I was little, you wouldn't have calculated on much wood for the meeting-house."

"Now do tell us all about it," cried both girls in a breath; for they all loved grandma's stories of old times, though Charles's fastidious ear, was sometimes shocked by the old lady's utter want of reverence for grammar and pronunciation.

"Well;" and the old lady laid down her knitting and raised her spectacles. "Well, in them days, folks didn't lie abed till nine o'clock Sunday mornings, but we were all in a stir as quick as we could see a speck of light through the chinks in the logs, (for we children slept up in the loft,) and if we found an extra blanket of snow on our beds in the morning, we didn't mind it no more than nothing, but jumped

up quick and run down the ladder barefoot, and put on our warm stockings and cow-hide shoes by the kitchen fire—and a roaring great one it was—then we took our pails and piggins”—

“Your *what*, grandma?”

“Piggins, Mary. I wonder if you’ve lived so long in the world, without seeing a piffin; well, it beats all! what are our girls coming to?” And the old lady drew a deep sigh, and then resumed the thread of her discourse.

“Well, as I was saying, we next went to the barn to milk the cows, and when we got through, our mother would have a nice dish of porridge ready for us children—they don’t make any such porridge now-a-days, Betsey, (aside to Mrs. C.,) and the minute prayers were over, we did up the chores and fixed for church.”

“O, grandma, do tell us what you wore,” said Mary coaxingly.

“Yes, child, and if you think we wore worked Merinoes, and pink satin hats with feathers, and such folderols, you are vastly mistaken. I calculate we had sense enough to dress according to the weather, in them days; and you never see any thing neater than we looked in our best flannel gowns, and cloth pelisses trimmed with rabbits’ fur; our black silk hoods and our white mittens, spotted with pink. Didn’t we look nice and comfortable-like?”

Grandma was really growing eloquent over the remembrance, but Charles, whose taste did not lie in the discussion of girls’ wardrobes, asked “what sort of sleighs they used to have?”

“Ah! you may well ask that, Charles; why in these degenerate days, the snow is n’t a circumstance to what it used to be! Many and many a time I’ve rode to

church when I could see nothing but the top rails of the fences. A pretty fix we should have been in, if we had tried to flounder through the drifts in your little fancy sleighs—we knew better. When we got ready for meeting, we all piled on to the ox-sled, and father tucked the blankets and sheep-skins snugly around us, and we started. To be sure the oxen warn’t very spry critters, and by the time we got to the end of our ride we were as stiff as frozen eels. And as for the old meeting-house, that was always perched on the top of a hill, so as to be exactly in the middle of the parish.”

“I guess, grandma, you went straight to the stove as quick as you got there,” said Jane.

“Stove! we didn’t have any stoves, or fire-places, in the meeting-houses in those days. So you see we didn’t need any wood; and besides, Parson Clark always preached a special long sermon on cold Sabbaths, and Thomas (our Tom was a proper roguish boy,) used to say he did it on purpose to see us children shiver; but I always told him it was wrong for him to speak so of the minister.”

“How glad I am I did not live in those days,” exclaimed Mary.

“And I, too,” said Charles, adding fresh fuel to the fire.

This last movement aroused Mr. Cummings, who had fallen asleep during grandma’s episode about old times. “Well, children,” said he, rubbing his eyes, “have you settled about the fuel yet? I can tell you there’s a pretty large wood-pile you have not reckoned upon yet, but as it is Jane’s bed-time, we will talk about that another time.

Cousin KATE.



The Shepherd's Dog.

DEAR little friends: we know of no subject on which we could tell you a greater variety of pleasing and interesting anecdotes, than that of the dog.

How well do we remember — and it was as far back as our memory extends — one of our earliest and best friends, and our constant companion when abroad among the hills and valleys, brooks and meadows, woods and fields, which have a thousand times echoed to the sound of our merry voices.

This friend and companion was our good dog "Tiger," so named on account of his color, which was of a yellowish brown, and striped on his sides. We shall never forget our first introduction to him, although it happened over twenty-five years ago. Our father had been out on business, and we children were all in bed and asleep when he came home at night. In the morning we were the first to awake, and creeping out of bed, all impatient to see if father had brought us home any thing from the village, we hurried toward his

room, but on opening the door into the hall, we were saluted by the barking of a dog not then much larger than a cat; but a full grown tiger, direct from Bengal, could not have frightened us more, and we scampered back to our bed as fast as our little legs could carry us; but our fears soon subsided, and long before night, we had become very familiar: so much so, that we shared our supper of bread and milk with him, and it was quite a grief to us that we were not permitted to sleep together. He became a great favorite with the whole family, which was composed of a goodly number of brothers and sisters, all of whom shared their affections with the new-comer.

The Shepherd's Dog, which is represented in the above engraving, is one of the most intelligent and useful dogs in the world. In the northern parts of Scotland, on the high mountains, are kept large flocks of sheep, attended by a man called a shepherd, and one or two dogs. These dogs have such a peculiar instinct for the management of sheep, that under the

direction of the shepherd they soon have almost the whole control of the flock. By a word or sign they perceive the wants of their masters and quick as thought start off to execute them. They are not only useful in collecting and driving the flocks, but, being very large and strong, are good in guarding them from the attacks of wolves and other animals, that inhabit those mountainous regions.

The following anecdote was often told by the gifted poet, Mr. James Hogg. It will undoubtedly be interesting to most of our readers.

"On one night, a large flock of lambs that were under the Ettrick Shepherd's care, frightend by something, scampered away in three different directions across the hills, in spite of all he could do to keep them together. 'Sirrah,' said the shepherd, 'they're a' awa!' It was too dark for the dog and his master to see each other at any considerable distance, but Sirrah understood him, and set off after the fugitives. The night passed on, and Hogg and his assistant traversed every neighboring hill in anxious but

fruitless search for the lambs; but he could hear nothing of them nor of the dog, and he was returning to his master with the doleful intelligence that he had lost all his lambs. 'On our way home, however,' says he, 'we discovered a lot of lambs at the bottom of a deep ravine called the Flesh Cleuch, and the indefatigable Sirrah standing in front of them, looking round for some relief, but still true to his charge. We concluded that it was one of the divisions which Sirrah had been unable to manage, until he came to that commanding situation. But what was our astonishment when we discovered that not one lamb of the flock was missing! How he had got all the divisions collected in the dark, is beyond my comprehension. The charge was left entirely to himself from midnight until the rising sun; and, if all the shepherds in the forest had been there to assist him, they could not have effected it with greater promptitude. All that I can say is, that I never felt so grateful to any creature under the sun as I did to my honest Sirrah that morning.'"

Hide Them Away.

BY ANN PAGE.

Hide them, O hide them all away —
His cap, his little frock;
And take from out my aching sight
Yon curling, golden lock;
Ah! once it waved upon his brow!
Ye torture me anew, —
Leave not so dear a token here —
Ye know not what ye do!

Last night the moon came in my room,
And on my bed did lie;
I woke, and in the silver light
I thought I heard him cry.
I leaned toward the little crib,
The curtain drew aside,
Before, half sleeping, I bethought
Me, that my boy had died!

Take them away ! I cannot look
 On aught that breathes of him !
 O, take away the silver cup,
 His lips have touched its brim.
 Take the straw hat from off the wall,
 'T is wreathed with withered flowers :
 The rustling leaves do whisper me
 Of all the loved, lost hours.

The rattle, with its music bells —
 O, do not let them sound !
 The dimpled hand, that grasped them once,
 Is cold beneath the ground.
 The willow wagon, on the lawn,
 Through all my tears I see ;
 Roll it away, O ! gently roll :
 It is an agony !

His shoes are in the corner, nurse,
 His little feet no more
 Will patter like the falling rain,
 Fast up and down the floor.
 And turn that picture to the wall —
 His loving, mournful eye
 Is piercing through my very heart,
 Again I see him die !

O, anguish ! how he gazed on me
 When panted out his breath !
 I never, never knew before
 How terrible was death.
 My boy — my own — my only one —
 Art thou forever gone ?
 O God ! help me to bear the stroke,
 That leaves me all alone !

Editor's Table.

The First of May.

We almost envy our country friends the freedom with which they can enjoy this day : the bright ushering-in time of the full glories of the year. The green carpeted earth, the fresh leaved woodlands, and the sunny fields, with all their innumerable hosts of birds and flowers : ah how fine ! We, who live pent up in brick-walled cities, can appreciate such luxuries, we apprehend, better, even, than yourselves, little friends of the country. But if you think otherwise, just come and make us a visit, next May, and try it. See how you would relish the being tumbled out of house and home, in the midst of all the trumpery which can be huddled together from the cellar to the garret ; and then be trundled through the streets, across this corner, and around that ; drove, into and banged about, by all sorts of wagons, carts, wheelbarrows, &c., each, like your own, loaded by one half the trash

and fol-de-rols in creation ; one fourth of the time, perhaps, dripping through showers ; and then, to end off with, the slim comfort of a cold bite, and a couch-down for the night, almost shaking to pieces with chills and cramps, on old beddings, carpetings, or *any-things*, so that you can have the slightest chance of even the most troubled and broken rest, after all the miseries of the day.

However, even in cities, to those who have leisure to enjoy it, May-day is a happy day ; for were there nothing more to endear it to us, it is a day full of hope for future good and enjoyment ; crammed full, as it is, of pleasant visions of plums, peaches, and apple orchards.

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 To CORRESPONDENTS.—By an oversight, such as we shall be careful to avoid in future, we omitted to acknowledge the answers to enigmas sent us by some of our young friends, among whom were "Effie," "Grace," and, we believe,

Master "Taff" We hope they will pardon the omission.

We are heartily obliged to "Cousin Kate," and "Mrs. J. M. S.," for their valuable contributions. We tender them our compliments, and hope they will remember us in good season for the next number.

We have given "E. E. B." quite a resting spell, and shall look for a contribution for June.

We have no inclination to forget "Uncle Philo," and hope he will not forget us.

We have received "Catherine W."s communication, but are sorry to say that it will not quite answer. We appreciate her kindness, and thank her for it. She shall hear from us again.

"A. A. G."s enigma was not blind enough; he must try again.

"R. O. W." sends us an enigma, but it is not so good as his first, and had better be remodeled. His conundrum we have seen, somewhere, before.

ENIGMA NO. VIII.

I am composed of 9 letters. My 1, 5, 6, 7, is something every person needs. My 4, 2, 9, 6, 8, is a useful animal. My 5, 6, 7, 4, 8, 9, is a girl's name. My 6, 3, 2, 7, 7, is the name of a distinguished general. My 4, 8, 9, is a personal pronoun. My 6, 5, 7, 7, 8, 5, is a useful article of furniture. My 6, 4, 2, 5, 6, is an indispensable article of dress. My whole is the name of a city in this state.

FRANK.

ENIGMA NO. IX.

I am composed of eleven letters. My 1, 2, 3, 11, 5, 1, is a flourishing city in New York. My 2, 8, 10, 1, 7, is a river in the United States. My 3, 9, 10, 7, 4, is a sea in Europe. My 4, 5, 5, is a small harbor on the coast of the Atlantic. My 8, 6, 7, is a lake in British America. My 10, 1, 3, 6, is one of the United States. My 1, 7, 7, 6, 3, is a river in British America. My 8, 6, 2, 8, 1, is a bay on the coast of the Atlantic. My 1, 2, 6, 5, 4, is a river in Missouri. My 2, 8, 1,

7, 7, is a cape on the coast of the Pacific. My whole is a river in the state of New York.

EMILY.

ENIGMA NO. X.

I am composed of 17 letters. My 16, 14, 9, 5, 17, is something in every house. My 16, 4, 8, is a weight. My 9, 2, 15, is useful to mariners. My 6, 2, 16, is what we all must do. My 16, 4, 6, is an extremity. My 16, 12, 15, 16, is an article of food. My 15, 2, 16, is a mischievous animal. My 6, 2, 15, 5, is a title of nobility. My whole is the name of a distinguished man.

JOHN M. TAFF.

ENIGMA NO. XI.

I am composed of 11 letters. My 2, 1, 7, 8 is indispensable to seamen. My 3, 8, 9, 6, 11, is what most children like to hear. My 1, 11, 3, 8, 4, 5, is what some people like to eat. My 2, 1, 9, 8, is a common article of dress. My 5, 4, 3, 8, is what every body needs. My 2, 9, 7, 3, 8, is something that lives on the earth. My whole is the name of a building.

MARY.

ENIGMA NO. XII.

I am composed of 2 letters. My 1, is a vowel. My 1, 2, is a liquid. My whole is a city mentioned in sacred history.

EFFIE.

ENIGMA NO. XIII.

I am a word of eight letters. My 6, 3, 4, 8, 6, is a fertilizer. My 3, 8, 5, is wrathful. My 7, 1, 6, 5, is unfailing. My whole is all things combined.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c.

We have received answers to Enigma No. vi., from Charles Newkirk, John M. Taff, and "Effie;" to Enigma No. vii., from "Maria," John M. Taff, and Charles Newkirk.

ENIGMA NO. VI.—Youth's Casket.

ENIGMA NO. VII.—Baltimore.

CONUNDRUM NO. I.—Hauser, (*Haw-sir.*)